Forgiveness Isn’t All It’s Cracked Up To Be

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/22332280.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Bedelia Du Maurier, Abigail Hobbs (Hallucinations)
Additional Tags:	Episode: s03e06 Dolce, Fix-It of Sorts, Not Canon Compliant, Canon Divergence, minor smut, First Time Blow Jobs, Hannibal finally gets it, First Kiss, Oneshot, Murder Husbands, Sassy Will Graham, Scar Worship, Happy Ending, Hannibal Season 3, Emotional Comfort, A bit humourous, Don’t copy to another site, Not Beta Read
Language:	English
Series:	Part 18 of Hannigram Oneshots, Part 1 of Season 3 AUs
Stats:	Published: 2020-01-20 Words: 3,449 Chapters: 1/1

Forgiveness Isn’t All It’s Cracked Up To Be

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

Composing music, Hannibal reflects on Bedelia’s suggestion to eat Will, then sets things in motion. In the Uffizi Gallery however, he decides against it because he finds himself unable to kill Will according to plan. Will can’t kill him either and picks up his forgiveness again. Hannibal figures that forgiveness isn’t all it’s cracked up to be. Bedelia is not enthusiastic about it and she has every reason not to be.

Notes

After another rewatch of Dolce and Digestivo I needed a fix-it of sorts to soothe me.

The tone is not really true to canon, it’s rather light, though.

I hope you enjoy it nonetheless.

There was only one way to forgive Will, Hannibal mused while composing another mournful piece of music on the piano in his study. He would have to eat him - just as Bedelia had suggested an hour before.

Knowing Will and Jack's ambush was impending, he set his plan in action and bought an electric bone saw as well as some more ingredients for his drug cocktail he would give Will to sedate him and keep him quiet when he was about to open his skull.

The days passed by in a blur - in impatient waiting for entropy to evolve into chaos. Then finally the fateful day arrived. Hannibal decided to make it easy for Will, knowing he would figure out immediately where he was. He went to the Uffizi Gallery with his sketchbook, determined to finish his drawing. Hannibal was sketching the Primavera, currently eternizing Will as Zephyr - the god of wind next to Flora.

He sniffed and put his pencil down. The unmistakable, familiar scent of Will's chintzy and horrible aftershave permeated the sticky, dry air. When Will lingered behind the bench for a moment, Hannibal held his breath. Will's presence was like a balm on his wounded soul mingled with single grains of salt. Meeting and seeing him again was overall soothing, but there was still a little remaining stinging pain in his aching, hurt heart at the same time. The effect only some salt grains can have on a raw and healing wound, no matter how high the dosage.

Seeing Will granting him that genuine smile here in the Uffizi Gallery while conversing about the past and the future, about Chiyoh, a certain part of Hannibal acknowledged the beast within him was unable to actually accomplish his plan.

"We're still conjoined", Will said to him, melancholy appearing in his deep blue eyes. "I'm curious if anyone of us would be able to survive separation."

Hannibal beheld the bruises on his cheeks and his temple. They were the mirror of the wounds and bruises he was carrying after the sparring match with Jack Crawford. Both Will and he were still conjoined even after all this time that had passed; even after the brutal attempt of forcing separation on them in his kitchen in Baltimore. Will was right in that matter.

He leaned forward, invading Will's personal space and placed his hand on his thigh. The latter was surprised at Hannibal's bold movement and also a little bemused. Will had leaned in for a kiss some minutes before and didn't receive the reaction he had wished. Hannibal's inner resolution had prevented him from giving in. But it was crumbling now as the struggle with his inner beast was over.

"Freeing myself from you and freeing yourself from me - they are the same. I would rather not put it to a test", Hannibal breathed against these pink lips and pulled Will into a slow, languished kiss. His heart raced. It was odd doing this when he had plotted to kill Will in the first place. But he needed him. Hannibal wanted Will alive, happy and at his side.Their kiss became more passionate and greedy after the first moments of insecurity and hesitation with them pulling back, then pressing their lips together another time.

Will's hands wandered down his spine and Hannibal's hands ghosted along his suit to his butt and rested them there, occasionally squeezing it. They flinched and separated reluctantly as a person behind them said something in Italian. The employee of the Uffici Gallery was clearly not amused and scolding them for the public kiss. Will huffed a laugh, not bothering to look at the man watching them.

"I don't want to test it either", Will finally responded, inhaling deeply after the long, breathless kiss. His small, silver pocket knife dropped out of his pocket to the ground of the gallery. The clangor reverberated in the room, making the employee appear at the threshold again. He uttered another warning, clearly prompting them to leave, even though it didn't come across as intimidating in his melodic, suave Italian and didn't impress the men in the slightest.

Hannibal tilted his head and quickly apologized in his best Italian, promising to make amendments with money, prompting the employee to retreat again. Then he turned his gaze back to Will. For them, it wasn't important though. No one could take away their focus of this very important moment. Even though they would have to leave quickly before being apprehended by the Polizia.

Hannibal's lips curled up in a knowing smirk when he noticed the small knife. Will had dropped his forgiveness after Palermo but now picked it up again. There was no need to punish him anymore. No need to eat his brain and discard of his lover. At least that's what he was hoping for.

Brushing the wrinkles from their clothes, they stood up. Everything happened at the same time - so attuned they were to each other. Will let Hannibal walk out before him. The two men strolled towards the exit of the Gallery, ignoring the guardians hissing something unfriendly to them on their way out. They went mute and all friendly when Hannibal thrust a stack of dollar bills into their hands. Each step they took outside on the piazza was the same measured length. Will's hand slipped from his pocket once more - not to stab a knife into him but to take Hannibal's hand into his own.

Chiyoh, who had been watching over them both with a rifle in her hand, retreated from the roof and crept away, having seen that Will had finally grasped the meaning of the words she had told him before pushing him off the train.

"Let me show you Florence, Will", Hannibal suggested to him outside of the palace. Shutting out the tourists brushing past them, Will cupped Hannibal's face into his hands and kissed him again, instead of giving him a verbal answer.

"I take it as a yes", Hannibal purred against his lips."*Seguimi,mio caro."*

Will nodded silently, gaping at him with the eyes of a hopelessly enamored lover and let Hannibal lead the way. They turned into another street before reaching the Ponte Vecchio where Hannibal wrapped his arm around Will's waist. They lingered there, admiring the view on the glistening water, the sight of the magnificent Duomo, the neat houses with the typical Italian architecture on the left and right side of the river. A kingly golden glow lay on the roofs of the buildings.

Will followed Hannibal who knew the city by heart. He showed Will all his favorite spots in the city beside the Uffizi Gallery. The visited the Palazzo Vecchio on their way back from the bridge, the Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore, Santa Croce Church, and various other hidden gems. Crossing the Ponte Vecchio a second time, they entered the vast, green Magical Bardini gardens where they rested their tired limbs on a rusty old bench. Hannibal let the sun warm his face, keeping his eyes shut, whereas Will placed his head in Hannibal's lap, lying more or less comfortably on the bench with his legs being little bent and curled up. Hannibal made as much space for him as possible.

In the evening they returned to his apartment - Hannibal needed his clothes, after all before setting off. Bedelia opened the door and lost her composure when she saw Will and Hannibal entering the living area, holding hands. Her face lost all the beautiful teint she had gained from the sunbaths in beautiful Tuscany.

"You told me to eat Will", Hannibal began, while pouring him, Will and Bedelia each a glass of Batard-Montrachet in the kitchen, before returning into the living room and sitting down in the leather chairs. "I figured I couldn't bring myself to eat Will as you suggested, Bedelia."

Standing behind Hannibal sitting in his chair, Will emptied his wine with two gulps, placed it on the table, then wrapped his arms possessively around Hannibal's shoulders, flinging a quite meaningful look at her, which made her shudder and jolt from the couch she was sitting on. She closed her eyes, took a deep breath to digest the recent developments and walked backward.

"I thought you possessed enough wits to discover that my suggestion entailed more than cannibalism, Hannibal", she commented on that with a cool smile, regaining her controlled behavior, trying to save her face in front of Will, although knowing Will obviously knew she had wanted to manipulate Hannibal into devouring him. Her eyes wandered from Hannibal to Will as she waited for the next steps in this dangerous chess game.

"I think she might have referred to blow jobs", Will whispered into his ear. "There are other means to eat and taste me. Forgiveness isn't all it's cracked to be." Hannibal hummed at this and chuckled. "This is an option I very much prefer, too." He pressed his lips against Will's cheek. "I should have thought of that before."

Will then shifted his attention back to Bedelia.

"I'd pack my bags if I were you, Bedelia", Will purred, stepping forward as if to threaten her, his face innocent and charming though. "Meat's back on the menu."

Hannibal rose from his chair, too and followed Will who was slowly walking towards her like a predator on the hunt, closing the distance in a subtle but yet threatening and intimidating way.

Coming to rest against the solid wall behind her. Bedelia froze, on the verge of making a sassy remark but decided against it and pressed her lips together. She was too classy to insult Will, nor did she intend to warn him of Hannibal's whims. Instead she complied, despite knowing they would come for her anyway.

Feeling their scrutinizing, cold stares on her, she slipped away and abandoned them to searched for some necessary things for travel in the bathroom and her bedroom. Having finished packing, she grabbed her light, black leather bag and put on her blue coat. Before stepping out, she halted at the threshold and flung a last look at Will. She could not resist after all.

“Don’t say I didn’t warn you. We are all Bluebeard’s wives and toys to Hannibal.”

"I am the last one”, Will replied with a scoff. “You were never meant to be the victorious one. Sorry to take that from you.”

Hannibal chuckled at the comparison, at his open, blunt jealous sassiness and placed a hand on his shoulder.

“He is right”, he informed Bedelia who looked no longer controlled but disappointed and resigned.

“Goodbye, Bedelia.” Hannibal’s smile was dangerous when dismissing her. “Until our next meeting. It’s a shame though I couldn’t marinate you properly.”

Hannibal’s dark eyes glinted dangerously. “This is the only reason why we let you go. You are certainly aware of that.”

“G-goodbye”, she breathed, then let the door fall shut behind them, hurrying to get out. She walked out of the building, then waited at the corner to take a cab to the airport for the next flight.Her days may have an expiration date but she could prolong it a little. And who knew, maybe the bounty- hungry policemen would be there, sooner than they thought. She placed her smartphone back in her pocket after making a certain call to the Questura. With that satisfying thought, she got in the cab and left Florence behind.

Having seen Bedelia out and watching her drive away with a cab standing near the windows, Will and Hannibal retreated into the ostentatious bedroom with the golden ceiling embroidered with a painting of Dante’s inferno held in crimson red, depicting the seven circles of hell. The wooden headboard of the bed was lavish, too, with Renaissance angels eternised in the wooden ornament.They were chasing another in a playful and, if you looked closely, lustful way.

Will admired the bedroom for a moment, especially the ceiling. Hannibal smiled behind him but didn’t give him enough time to take in all of the fascinating details.

“If you would be so kind to lie down please, Will”, Hannibal ordered him, pushing him on the bed with a bossy slap. “I still need to forgive you, if you recall our conversation.”

Scoffing a little at the sarcastic remark, Will complied and fell into the silken, dark red sheets with a soft whoosh, then spreading his arms and legs, looking like an angel painted by Michelangelo.

Hannibal removed layer by layer of his marvellous navy blue suit with slow teasing movements until he was stripped of his jacket, pants, shirt and boxers, then led his fingers

down his smooth chest, coming to rest on the scar he had inflicted upon Will months ago.

Will flinched a little when Hannibal kissed his scar, cherished it with reverence and a little sadness. Hannibal stopped for a moment when the sad memories of the night in Baltimore returned. “Go on”, Will hissed through gritted teeth.“You have to live with this. Every time we have sex from now on, you’re going to be reminded of your mistakes. That’s the way it is.”

At Will’s comment, Hannibal narrowed his eyes, his predator reflex returning, his hand itching for the syringe and the bone saw. Instead of relenting to his impulses,he breathed in deeply and restrained himself, then licked along the white scar tissue, retreating into the groin, until hovering above Will’s bulging cock.

With bated breath, Will watched how Hannibal’s dangerous, pretty mouth opened and swallowed his cock. It was a dangerous business to let a lovesick cannibal suck his dick, but Will was curious whether Hannibal had truly understood Bedelia’s and his comments so he decided to trust him. If not, well, back to forgiving like a righteous God did.

Will had not been disappointed. “Fuck”, Will wailed and thrashed his legs, when Hannibal expertly sucked him off, nibbled at his balls, using his sharp teeth a little when he had his whole length in his mouth, just to test Will’s trust. Satisfied with the reaction he provoked and at the display of trust, Hannibal sucked quicker and harder, then slower and softer in turns.

“How would you have eaten and prepared me?” Will asked Hannibal in between, watching how Hannibal licked around the rim of Will’s butt , getting a taste of him when he was kneeling on the bed for better access.

Hannibal’s eyes glinted maliciously at that question when he was thrusting his tongue deeper into Will’s ass, making Will use more inappropriate language when he hit his prostate glands. He chose not to answer at first. Will was close to orgasm, Hannibal sensed it, so he sped up the pace a little - always changing between exploring the hot darkness of Will’s ass and sucking at Will’s dick.

Moments later, Will came with “Hannibal” on his lips. He bucked his hips up to empty himself in Hannibal’s mouth who did not want to spill or waste a single drop of Will’s cum. After all, he still needed to eat Will to forgive him.

And that mission had now been successfully accomplished.

Hannibal lay down next to Will who had dropped into the sheets to rest on his back. Will looked at him with narrowed, reproachful and distrustful eyes.

“I asked you something, Hannibal.”

“I was tempted to get a taste of your brain”, Hannibal explained reluctantly, brushing the rebellious curl from Will’s face to have better access at his beautiful eyes. “I would have sedated you and opened your skull with a bone saw. Your brain, I would have sautéed it in garlic butter. Jack would have gotten a taste, too.”

Holding his gaze, Hannibal pointed to the patterned, white-brownish box on the chair with the red plush cushion.

“The bone saw is right here on that chair. Along with some sedatives and drugs.”

Will gazed at the box Hannibal was pointing to with curiosity and frowned. Various expressions fought for space on his face. There was blank horror and fear at first, which then mixed with slight amusement and also a little bit of fascination. Will shifted his gaze back to Hannibal and gave him a wry smile, trying to process the horrific information. He exhaled a long breath before answering.

"Christ, that's really fucked up but then again, it's you", Will retorts. "Getting inside my mind in a literal way after you have been obsessed with mine for a long time, huh? Guessed I dodged a bullet then.” Will dragged his body closer to Hannibal and pulled him down into the sheets again when the latter wanted to get up and straightened his upper body. “Did I?”

Hannibal replied nothing at first and looked away, lost in thought. Will noticed it and gave him some more time to elaborate on that. He grew a little anxious though and the tension in his body returned when Hannibal still didn’t answer. Noticing the changes in his body posture and the clenched jaw, Hannibal then reached for his hands and squeezed them between his.

“Yes, you did dodge the bullet, Will”, Hannibal finally responded with a suave, loving look on his face which was fortified by the strong, golden glow of the afternoon sun that fell through the glass windows on his face. It took the danger out of his face and made him softer and amiable. The first wrinkles around his eyes, of age and grief, were illuminated without exception.

Hannibal nuzzled the beautiful, long neck of Will and brushed his lips against the smooth skin.

“Speaking of reciprocity, did I dodge *yours*?”

Will was silent for a short moment, too. In the corner of the room stood Abigail, with her red scarf loosely wrapped around her neck, watching them both with intent, widened eyes. She bobbed her head up and down to show her agreement. She gazed back at Will with a wide, encouraging grin that was saying: “What are you waiting for, idiot?”

Smiling back at the empty corner of the room, Will then tilted his head to meet Hannibal’s eyes again and answer him.

“Yes”, Will replied. “I know that my greatest mistake was not leaving with you ten months ago”, he whispered.

A gentle, soft brush of his thumb removed the tears escaping the appeased predator’s eyes. There was a golden tinge now and the darkness and cold in them receded. Love has made a soft kitten out of the lion.

Hannibal pressed his lips against Will’s for the third or fourth time this day.

“You taste of me”, Will noted with a grin, resting his forehead against Hannibal’s.

“And your taste is divine”, Hannibal gave back, petting the stubble of Will’s jaw with his fingers.

The sirens wailed in the distance, growing louder as the cars drew nearer and Hannibal flinched. Will bolted up, too. From his opulent, golden-rimmed mahogany wardrobe, Hannibal pulled out some fresh clothes for Will which would be quicker to put on than his suit.

“We better continue this conflict management tryst of ours on another occasion”, Hannibal remarked drily, filling two duffel bags with some clothes, medicine, fake passports, cash, water and snacks for both of them.

“In another world”, Will commented to that in a low, thoughtful voice, more to himself than to Hannibal.

Will glanced back to the corner where Abigail was still standing. She formed the words “Well done” with her mouth. Tears ran down her cheeks and she beamed at him even though she was sad to be left behind.

Hannibal, standing at the threshold, ready to go with their light luggage in his hands, noted Will’s absent stare with a concerned frown. “Is something the matter, Will? Are you still battling your conflicted conscience in your mind?"

Blinking the hallucination of Abigail away, Will granted him another wide, congenial smile.

"No, everything’s fine. There’s no conflict.”

He peaked out of the window, the sun was about to set and drenched everything in a wonderful shade of gold and red.

“Not anymore.”

“Good.Then come with me.”

Hannibal reached out for his hand and Will took it with a firm, reassuring grip.

Down in the parking lot, Hannibal handed Will his helmet. Having put it on, Will then sat down behind Hannibal, his arms wrapped around his hips. The engine of the Ecosse ES1 bike roared, making some tourists flinch and yell at them. Hannibal drove through the narrow streets of Florence with a keen and skilled eye for the traffic and their pursuers, taking shortcuts here and there. Will glanced over his shoulder while they finally reached the main road, watching how Jack Crawford, the Polizia, Verger's assassins and his old life got lost from view.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!